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His Last Week

OR THE DRAMA OF REDEMPTION
AND OTHER POEMS



BY REV. G. A. MCKINLEY
MARSHALL, MINNESOTA

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HIS LAST WEEK,
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AND OTHER POEMS

BY
REV G. A. MCKINLEY.

MARSHALL, MINN.

1884

PREFACE.

THIS poem was written for an Easter exercise to use in the Presbyterian Church of Marshall, Minnesota, on Easter Day 1916.

Fifteen young ladies and girls of the Church and the Sunday School recited the various parts, and with Easter music interspersed, it made a splendid Easter exercise.

All who had the privilege of hearing this service were greatly pleased with it, and were free and cordial with their praise of it.

The writer admits that the greatest benefit of writing this came to him in the deepened and new revelation of the Christ life and the meaning of the Sacrificial death. Never will life be what it was before, for the intimacy of those few days with Christ in his triumphal entry into the city, his rejection, trial, crucifixion, death, burial, and resurrection have been indelibly engraven upon his soul, and Christ is more to him than ever because of this experience.

In the fond hope that other souls will welcome the close fellowship with the Master which will come from a study of these lines, they are sent forth with a prayer that they may be as richly blessed to the reader as they have been to the writer.

OTHER POEMS

THESE are vagabonds, will-o-the-wisp productions, which have come to me, borne on the wings of fancy, or inspired by visions of a better life.

They, too, are given to the public in the hope that some hungry soul may be fed; some tired heart cheered; some discouraged mortal nerved to further action in the great struggle for the ideals which when realized will remain.

Yours in His Name,

—REV. G. A. McKINLEY.

AUG -7 1916

HIS LAST WEEK or The Drama of Redemption.

SUNDAY: *The Triumphal Entry.*

Two years and more have come and gone,
Since Christ his mission entered on;
And from the Baptist John received.
Baptism with those who had believed.

The Holy Spirit, as a dove,
Descended on him from above,
Gave token of the Father's care
To all who were assembled there.

And from the deep ethereal blue,
The Voice declared in accents true,
This my Son beloved shall be,
Herald of Immortality.

Though brief his course his work is done.
His last sad week is now begun.
Two servants forth he sends to seek,
The beast on which the Master meek,

Shall ride before the shouting throng
Into the city, where among
The Pharisees and Scribes sedate,
He calmly goes to his sure fate.

But as they approach the city wall,
The fate which surely shall befall
The wicked city, in pride content,
When foes whose fury shall be spent.

When ditch and trench around thee cast,
Assures you that your hope is past,
And enemies both fierce and strong,
Encompass you, besiege you long,

Know of a surety, through the land.
There shall not stone upon stone stand.
But everywhere the city wall,
Before your enemy shall fall.

Once more the Master's eye is cast,
Across the city's glorious past,
Enshrined in temple, fame, and art,
Which thrilled each loyal Jewish heart.

And as he looked a tear he sheds,
For hearts seared o'er and stubborn heads.
How oft thy children I would bless.,
But thou hast chosen sore distress.

He passes on within the walls,
While all the city loudly calls:
"Who is this man who comes to-day,
Escorted on his royal way?"

The crowd reply with one accord,
This is Messiah, Christ the Lord.
The Pharisees with looks downcast,
Awoke to their sad fate at last.

Within the temple walls he goes,
He looks around on friends and foes.
As nightfall lowers o'er the land,
He leadeth forth his chosen band.

MONDAY: *The Day of Authority.*

When morning dawned serene and clear,
Once more the Master draweth near,
The city proud for ages past,
Unmindful of its fate at last.

And passing by the orchards green,
Where figtrees in full leaf were seen,
He thought to appease his hunger by
The fruit which he expected nigh.

But coming close beside the tree,
Where he expected fruit to see,
Nothing but leaves could there be found,
Where he had hoped figs would abound.

“Cursed be the tree,” the Master said,
Thy leaves shall hang upon thee dead,
No fruit shall ere be found on thee,
Cursed be the tree, cursed be the tree.

Again he stands in temple bold,
And cast out those who bought and sold,
And overthrew the tables there,
Of money changers, smooth and fair.

And seats of those who sold the doves,
He overturned, for he who loves,
His Father’s house, we may be sure,
Such infamy could not endure.

And to him came the lame and blind,
Hoping for healing there to find.
With look divine, and love unfeigned,
He brought them joy. Their health regained.

Page seven

And there he passed the long day through,
Teaching disciples old and new.
Till shades of night warned him to flee,
From grasp of cunning Pharisee.

To Olives Mount beyond the walls,
His faithful few again he calls,
Darkness envelopes all the scene,
And Christ is free from foes so mean.

TUESDAY: *The Day of Controversy.*

April 3, A. D. 30.

Again the day dawns bright and fair,
And passing by the orchard where,
The fig tree failed to yield him fruit;
It now appears dried to the root.

Peter, recalling what had passed,
Said, the cursed tree is dead at last.
Faith, said the Master is what you need,
When hungry multitudes you feed.

Should mountains in your way appear,
Faith hurls them into waters near,
Believe in God, ask what you will,
And faith the message shall fulfill.

Once more in temples court he's found,
With priests and scribes, and elders round.
Tell us, they say, by whose command,
Doest thou these things which shock the land.

Page eight

His answer how would fain disguise,
And with a question to the wise;
He says the baptism of John then,
Was it from Heaven or from men?

Deliberating what to say,
They saw he had trapped them on the way.
Between the two they could not choose,
No chance to gain but sure to lose.

As a parable to them he tells,
A man has sons with whom he dwells.
Go, work today, my vineyard keep,
I will, says one, and goes to sleep.

The other said, I will not go,
To care for vineyards is too slow.
But soon relenting, goes to work,
His brother dear prolongs his shirk.

From this the Master said I'll show,
How in the kingdom people go.
You block the way to Heaven's gate,
You quibble 'til it is too late.

Without are sinners vile and low,
Who through the gates will gladly go.
They've felt the awful weight of sin,
They know I'll save, they enter in.

Shall we to Caesar tribute pay,
They ask him on the selfsame day,
Bring me a coin, whose image here,
Whose superscription doth appear?

'Tis Caesar's, calmly they reply,
And for his answer wait, hard by.
To Caesar render what is due,
The same to God, from all of you.

To his reply, they marvel much;
For they had not expected such.
So leaving him they go away,
To plot against another day.

Then to him come the Sadduces,
Their thirst for wisdom to appease.
And ask him of the brothers seven,
Who all have died and gone to Heaven.

Which one of them shall have the wife,
They all had loved, while here in life.
To which he answered neither one,
They all to Heaven now have gone.

A scribe propounds a question great,
And for an answer he will wait,
What must the first commandment be,
For those who seek eternity?

To which the Savior made reply;
That those who live and would not die,
Must love their neighbor as themselves,
In spite of all their power and pelf.

The scribes and Pharisees remain
In Moses' seat with little gain.
For proselytes to make and keep,
They compass land and ocean deep.

Woe to you blind guides leading blind,
What hope has any here to find.
The temple greater is than gold,
By which you swear to proove whats told

A hundred times I warn you, woe
Shall come upon you when you go
Like whited sepulchres to stand,
The blight and mildew of the land.

O, City, City, great and strong,
I've wept oer you, I've pleaded long;
And often as a hen her brood,
I would have gathered you for good.

But ye would not. To you is left
A house despoiled, of goods bereft,
And I shall leave you till the day
That blessed is he, ye all shall say.

A widow in the treasury cast,
Two mites, a farthing, 'twas her last.
And Jesus said that she had done,
Far better than a richer one.

For of her want she had given all,
Though she had heard fierce hunger call.
While others of their surplus cast,
An offering as they wandered past.

The Gentiles came to him to know,
If they too, can to Heaven go.
His answer, a grain of wheat must die,
If it would hope to multiply.

So of the men who hope to live,
Must of their lives help freely give
To souls in need, in sore distress,
If they humanity would bless.

And other lessons deep and true,
He leaves for them, he leaves for you.
Again night lowers in the sky
He seeks the Mount of Olives nigh.

WEDNESDAY: *The Day of Retirement.*

April 5, A. D. 30.

Within this week so filled with care,
Fierce trials round him everywhere,
A day is found without a word,
To tell of victories unheard.

How passed the day? What battles great
He waged with demons filled with hate.
What power from Heaven's eternal throne,
He brought to earth by prayer alone?

We may not know, we cannot tell,
We only can believe it well,
That this sad day was spent apart,
That he might rest his aching heart,

Before the storm of fury breaks,
Before the lonely way he takes,
Which led to said Gethsemane,
Where Jesus died for you and me.

Page twelve

Was he with friends in Bethany?
Or on the hill neath olive tree?
Did prayers ascend for power to fight,
'Gainst fiercest foes, for God and right?

What thoughts surged through his mind intent,
On bringing mankind to repent?
We may not know, we only can,
Believe that he still thought of man.

And of his fate sure to befall,
Unless he matched the tempter's call
And brought to man the power to live,
The richest blessing God can give.

The demons of the underworld,
May have assaulted him and hurled,
Against him fury, fierce, and hate,
Before it was fore'er too late.

Full well he knew the foe he faced,
And how the world its hope has placed,
On him and his Almighty power,
To win the fight in that dread hour.

When hate checkmated until now,
Would press the crown upon his brow,
When lust of power strong and fierce,
Would dare the Saviour's side to pierce.

We feel assured, that as he thought,
Of priceless treasures he had brought,
And offered to mankind, and they,
Had spurned and from him turned away.

His heart was torn with grief and pain,
Ingratitude had once again,
Cut deeply into Jesus' life,
Keen edged and sharper than a knife.

For power Celestial, grace Divine,
To win this fight of thine and mine,
We feel assured the Savior prayed,
That God would be with him to aid.

The shadows darken, day is spent,
The light that lingering twilight lent,
Is thrown on him whose face alone,
Shows forth the power that will atone.

THURSDAY: *April 6.*

The Savior wakens from his sleep,
The Passover he now will keep,
Two comrades forth he sent to find,
The Guest Chamber, whose walls behind,

Afford a screen from curious eyes,
As his disciples now he tries,
To comfort, help, exhort, and cheer,
And fit them for the strife that's near.

And as they eat, Satanic art,
Has entered Judas' wicked heart,
Girt with a towel, the Master meek,
Shows them humility to seek?

But Peter failing to discern,
The lesson he would have them learn,
Said, "Thou shalt never wash my feet."
such conduct for thee is not meet.

Page Fourteen

But Christ replied, "My chosen few,
Will do as now I bid them do,
Except humility you show,
Along with me you cannot go.

My heart is heavy for I know,
That one among you now will go,
And sell my body and his soul,
And thus attempt to reach the goal.

With one accord they shout, "Is't I?"
While the true friend who lingers nigh,
Is given a sop and bidden do,
That he may haste the business through.

The traitor leaves, his place is bare,
And Christ to his disciples there,
Said, "I have longed to eat with you,
My own disciples, chosen few."

He breaks the bread, thanks then are given,
This is my body for you riven.
As often as you eat of this,
Remember me in Heavenly bliss.

He takes the cup, he pours the wine,
Drink in this covenant of mine.
I pledge my life, I pledge my all,
A ransom from the dreadful fall.

No more I'll drink the wine blood red,
Until God's kingdom shall be shed,
On sin-cursed earth so sad and drear,
To rescue it God sent me here.

Their troubled hearts he tried to sooth,
Their lonely way he tried to smooth.
In heavenly mansions large and fair,
Dwellings for thee I'll there prepare.

I am the way, the truth, the life,
Who comes to me must leave all strife
And seek not after life's vain joy,
Your Heavenly bliss but to alloy.

I will not leave you though I go,
Far from the scenes of earth below,
The Holy Comforter, indeed,
I'll send to aid you in your need.

So closely do our lives entwine,
That as the branches in the vine,
To bear rich fruit we all must be,
Assembled in a company.

My time draws near, I soon must leave,
I trust you will my words receive.
But soon will come a test so great,
That you will shudder at your fate.

Trials and tribulations sore,
Will come to you till life is o'er,
But keep good cheer and courage brave,
The world I've conquered, now I'll save.

To God, his Father, now he prays,
I've travelled all the thorny ways,
That lead me back to Heaven and home,
And glory from which I'll not roam.

Page sixteen

Thy word of truth I've lived and taught,
And now I come to Thee for naught,
My earthly race is well nigh run,
I'll yield to Thee, what I've begun.

For these dear comrades of the way,
Still for their good I humbly pray,
That where I am, there they may be,
My glory and my power to see.

O righteous Father, may the love,
Which animates Thy life above,
Fill their lives too, that they may know,
The reason for my life below.

Night's curtain drops, a hymn they sing,
And forth they fare as bird on wing.
Without the city's wall they go,
To where the Kidron waters flow.

FRIDAY: *The Day of Suffering.*

April 7, A. D., 30.

The Agony in the Garden, Betrayal and Arrest.

Gethsemane at last is reached,
The Master who through life did teach,
That prayer would nerve for any fate,
Prays thus without the city gate.

Father, my soul with anguish torn,
Dreads both the darkness and the morn.
This cruel fate why must I bear?
This bitter cup why drink it here?

Page seventeen

In agony he prayed with zeal,
Great drops of blood could almost feel.
His comrades paralyzed with fear,
Knew nothing of his struggles near.

Till Peter roused: "Why sleepest thou?"
Temptations press upon thee now,
Arise, resist, the spirit wills,
But flesh is weak, with horror thrills.

Again he prays: My Father, know,
Except I drink this cup of woe;
Thy will unsatisfied shall be,
I'll drink it deep, I will for Thee.

To sleeping mate he comes for cheer,
Deep wrapped in sleep no sound they hear.
Again to prayer he takes his way,
And help receives for coming day.

Sleep weary comrades sleep!
The time is past when vigils keep,
He who his Master would betray,
Is close at hand, let's go away.

Straightway to him came Judas bland,
And kissed his cheek and grasped his hand,
But Jesus answered: "Why is this?"
"Betrayest thy Master with a Kiss?"

To multitude with sword and stave,
Who looked the rogue and played the knave,
"Whom seek ye?" said the Master then,
"Among this company of men?"

Page eighteen

Jesus of Nazareth, said they,
We'll take him now, e'er dawns the day.
To which the Master mild and meek,
Said, "I am he, why longer seek?"

Astonished then at what he said,
They backward went and fell as dead.
"If me ye seek, let these depart;
That I lose not a single heart."

Of those whom God hath given me,
To ransom for Eternity?"
And Simon Peter fierce and brave,
Having a sword, quickly he clave,

From off the High Priest's servants' head,
His right ear. Quickly Jesus said:
"Put up your sword, your fight is vain."
And touched the ear, 'twas whole again.

"With swords and implements of war,
The world can conquer never more.
I can beseech the Father, dear,
For angel legions to draw near.

I'll drink the cup my Father gave,
I'll face the foe who loudly rave.
Though in the temple when I taught,
You ne'er against me soldiers brought.

I know this hour of darkness drear.
I know your plans. I do not fear."
But his disciples brave and strong,
Fled forth in fear, a frightened throng.

THE TRIAL.

Before the father of the priest,
They brought the victim first; at least,
To learn from him what they should do,
To fix on him some crime anew.

And Simon Peter at the door,
Glanced in and out and took in more,
Of what his fate would surely be
If found in such a company.

Said to the maid who questioned him,
I know him not, in accents grim,
And by the fire blazing near,
He stands where he may all things hear.

Another maiden from the priest,
Asked Peter if he's not at least,
The man whom she before had seen,
With Jesus Christ, the Nazarene?

I know him not, he short replied,
Nor understandest why you've tried,
To implicate me with this man,
Whom naught can save, there's nothing can.

Again accused, by speech betrayed,
His baser self comes to his aid.
Cursing and swearing, he denies,
His Lord, and all that it implies.

Page twenty

The cock before had crowed with vim,
It crows again, it startles him.
His Master's words in memory kept,
He now recalled and sadly wept.

A council's held when breaks the morn,
And Jesus, left by friends, forlorn,
Is taken to the governor,
In trial to appear before.

When Pilate asked what crime he's done,
To find that out we have begun,
To thee we've come, was their reply,
Since by our laws he cannot die.

He teaches things we will not stand,
Perverts our faith and wrongs our land.
And teaches that a king is he,
Instead of Caesar's royalty.

Pilate alarmed called him to stand,
And answer: "Dost thou rule the land?"
But Jesus said: "Who asked you now,
To question me and make a row."

Pilate answered, "Am I a Jew?"
Your nation came and gave me you.
What hast thou done? Now answer straight,
For I your pleasure will not wait.

I tell the truth, I am a King,
But not of such a feeble thing,
As kingdoms ruled by men like you,
Or great imperial Caesar, too.

Pilate desiring now release,
From scenes like this, no offered peace
To him could come, so forth he sends
To Herod's court, which he attends.

Herod, reviling, set at nought
The Man of Sorrows, who was brought
Before him that his trial might be,
Conducted with formality.

In gorgeous garments he arrayed,
And sent him back with great parade,
To Pilate, who, he did declare,
Should seal the doom which he must bear.

In Pilate's court again he stands,
The greatest hero of all lands.
And to the Jews, Shall I release?
Said Pilate now, the Prince of Peace?

To which they answered, no, not so,
He to the Cross must surely go.
Give us Barabbas, crucify,
The man who doth our laws defy.

Pilate again tries to restore,
The man whom Jewish Sects implore,
That on him they may vengeance take,
Before they further trouble make.

He brings him forth, "Behold your king!"
Their voices loud in anger ring.
We have no king but Caesar great,
Away with him from halls of state.

Page twenty-two

Pilate beholding how the crowd,
Was growing angry, fierce, and loud,
Took water, washed his hands, decreed,
That of his blood he now was freed.

His sentence now he doth decree.
Barabbas now I will make free.
To you your one desire, I will,
Take Jesus, crucify and kill.

FRIDAY: *The Remorse of Judas.*

When Judas who had sold his Lord,
Saw that no plea would now afford,
Release from hostile foes and strong,
Repents his deed, and comes e'er long.

And stands before elders and priests,
His blood stained money now released;
And tells them how for greed of gold,
His blessed Master he had sold.

"See thou to it," they answer him,
"Your chance to ease your mind is slim,
He who from greed his Lord would sell,
Must face the flames when tempests swell."

He cast the silver on the floor,
And leaves the temple ever more.
Filled with remorse, and grief, and shame,
He hangs himself, and ends his name.

The priests debating what to do,
With money gained by means untrue,
Decide it must not in the vault,
Be kept with money free from fault.

They counsel took and bought a field,
Where hapless strangers who might yield,
To death's inexorable lot,
Might find at last a resting spot.

Because 'twas bought with coin blood stained,
No income should hence e'er be gained,
From field accursed, unhallowed spot,
The field of blood was ne'er forgot.

So Time brings round events at last,
To sanction all that ages past,
The prophet Jeremiah said,
Would be the price paid for his head.

They took the silver pieces, all,
The price of him who from the fall,
Redeemed the race of mankind lost,
Though purchased at an awful cost.

And buy a field, bleak and forlorn,
Where people of all income shorn,
Poor and needy, and strangers too,
May rest at last when life is through.

THE WAY TO THE CROSS.

The way was hard and rough and steep,
His footsteps slow, in anguish deep
He toiled his cruel cross to bear,
Up Calvary's Hill, to suffer there.

Low bent the Saviour neath his load,
Close to his side the soldiers strode,
But anguish deep had robbed his strength,
He falters, stops, and faints at length.

They look for one to bear the cross.
Their time is short, they'll suffer loss.
So Simon near, they ask to go,
And bear the cross, and that not slow.

A multitude following near,
Their Master's voice perchance to hear,
Lament and mourn, and sadly cry,
Why must the Lord of Glory die?

Weep not for me the Master said,
But for yourselves when I am dead.
For then the hills you will invoke,
To fall on you when comes the stroke,

That fierce and wild and strong will sweep,
Across the land where now you weep.
Woe unto you and children dear,
When tribulations shall appear.

THE CRUCIFIXION.

At last they reach Golgotha's top,
And give him wine and gall to stop
The thirst and pain which o'er him sweep,
As high he hangs and angels weep.

High on a Cross, rude, rough and bare,
Our blessed Jesus suffered there.
On either side a thief they place,
That he may suffer keen disgrace.

Above the Cross a title bold,
This truth to all the people told,
Jesus of Nazareth, the King
Whom people now refuse to bring.

The homage due unto his name,
And so they risk their earthly fame.
The writing stood, 'twas not effaced,
Though priests told Pilate, They're disgraced.

Beneath the Cross the soldiers grim,
Divide the clothes they've stripped from him.
And for his seamless coat they dare,
To gamble as they loiter there.

Around him stood the gaping throng,
And passing people lingered long,
That they might jeer and mock him now,
With death's cold sweat upon his brow.

One of the malefactors then,
Said, "Save thyself, and us two men."
His mate rebuking, said 'twere nice,
To think of him in Paradise.

Three women by the Cross still stood,
And Jesus asked John if he could,
His mother's son henceforward be,
And take her home to live with thee.

The sixth hour came, and darkness drear,
Encompassed all, both far and near,
The ninth hour comes, and through the gloom,
A voice cried out the dreadful doom.

My God, My God, why hast thou me,
Forsaken on this cursed tree?
I thirst he cried; and soon was placed,
A sponge with vinegar to taste.

'Tis finished now again he cried,
My soul to thee I now confide,
Father receive my spirit sore,
I've suffered all, can do no more.

He died. And Heaven bending low,
Swept earth with fury, to and fro,
Before the storm of fury passed,
The holy place was bare at last.

From top to bottom of the veil,
A rent was torn, it now would fail,
To screen from curious eyes the place,
Which sacred vessels always grace.

Without, the tempest fierce and hoarse,
Swept o'er the earth without remorse.
The open tombs, and rending rock,
Were tokens of the awful shock.

And from the tomb where dwelt the dead,
The saints came forth, and from them fled,
The men who had been watching there,
These awful scenes beyond compare.

The Jewish folk would now prepare,
For Sabbath keeping, so they there,
Demand of Pilate that the dead,
Removed shall be e'er day is fled.

The soldiers go and look them o'er,
Christ now is dead, and never more
Will trouble them, but still they pierce,
His side, with hatred deep and fierce.

THE BURIAL.

The day is done, night draweth near,
When friendly Joseph did appear,
And begged of Pilate that he might,
Remove the body out of sight.

When sure that death had done its part,
That life had flown from brain and heart,
Pilate consents to Joseph's plea,
Who takes the body from the tree.

Page twenty-eight.

Nicodemus, who once before,
Had come to Christ to talk things o'er,
Now brings his spices rich and rare,
And helps the body to prepare.

Close by the spot where Jesus died,
A garden was, with tomb inside,
In which no man had ever lain,
It seemed reserved for Jesus slain,

Because the night was drawing on,
And from the place they must be gone,
They place him on the silent floor,
And place a stone against the door.

His mother came with Magdalene,
And when the body placed had seen,
They homeward went, there to prepare,
Spices and ointment with due care.

That when the Sabbath day was passed,
They to the tomb will come at last,
And fit his body for the grave,
The bruised one who came to save.

SATURDAY *Silence and Sorrow.*

The morrow dawns and Pilate now,
Is questioned by the chief priests how,
To guard the tomb from fraud and theft,
Lest of the body it's bereft.

For they recalled that while alive,
The Lord had said, I will revive,
And live again e'er three days pass,
And now the tomb's unsealed alas.

You have a guard, go make it sure,
And seal the stone and make secure,
Said Pilate and they went away,
To guard the tomb both night and day.

His comrades now are scattered far,
No noise nor tumult now doth mar
The quiet of the Sabbath day,
While in the tomb the Master lay.

The brooding silence now doth tell,
Of pain and anguish which befell,
Disciples scattered far and near,
Engrossed in sorrow, filled with fear.

Hope's vision bright had filled the sky,
Love's Master great had lingered nigh,
And taught disciples how to live,
That for their lives he'd ransom give.

But now hope's vision bright has fled,
The Lord of life lies cold and dead,
Awake, O Master, shake the earth,
In agony of Spirit Birth.

Break from the tomb, O Master great,
Thou wilt not yield to such a fate,
Shall we forget what thou hast said?
Shall we believe that thou art dead?

Page thirty

Dark grows the landscape, far and near,
The end of Sabbath doth appear.
But sorrow blacker than the night,
Bids love's bright hope to take its flight.

SUNDAY: *The Earthquake and the Empty Tomb.*

From heaven descending in its flight,
An angel came in dead of night,
And from the tomb, the stone he rolled,
A wondrous vision to behold.

With earthquake shock and lighting bright,
He gave the watchers such a fright,
That as dead men they now appear,
And cannot move because of fear.

Upon the first day of the week,
Came Mary Magdalene, to seek,
The place where Jesus Christ had lain,
Since on the Cross he had been slain.

The tomb is empty and the stone
Has been removed by force unknown.
And Mary wonders where they left,
The body got by stealthy theft.

To John and Peter drawing near,
She tells the tale, and when they hear,
They run at once to reach the place,
And John beats Peter in the race.

He stoopeth down and looks around,
He sees the linen on the ground,
And Peter, when he reached the spot,
Beheld a sight he ne'er forgot.

Folded and clean the linen lay,
Not such as when a thief at bay,
Steals forth in haste his prey to hide,
Before some ill will him betide.

They enter in, they see, believe.
And this truth now they both receive,
That Christ must conquer death and sin,
By rising from the tomb he's in.

Mary returning to the spot,
Stands weeping sore, for she has not,
Yet seen the vision which the men
Had seen and comprehended then.

She, looking in, beholds in white,
Two angels plumed for heavenly flight,
They ask her why she mourns and weeps,
And weary vigils still she keeps.

She answers that because her Lord,
Is taken e'en by force and sword,
And where they placed the body last,
She does not know, now night is past.

She, turning round, beheld a man,
And thinking that perhaps he can
The mystery to her unfold,
Of where her Lord lies dead and cold.

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But e'er she speaks he asks her whom
She seeks so near the dreadful tomb;
And why her eyes with tears are wet,
What sorrow she cannot forget.

She, thinking him to be the man,
Who kept the place, said if you can,
Tell me where you the body placed,
Since marks and signs are all effaced.

Mary, he said, why are you blind?
Rabboni, she said, now I find
That what I heard and did not heed,
The Lord, is risen again indeed.

Touch me not till I ascend,
Tell my disciples, that the friend
Who gave his life because of love,
Ascends to dwell with God above.

APPEARANCE TO THE WOMEN.

Unto the tomb at break of day,
The women came and on the way,
They wondered who should roll the stone,
From mouth of tomb, which they alone

Could not remove, the place they neared
And saw the stone had disappeared.
They entered in and saw in white,
A young man sitting on the right.

Be not amazed, to them he said,
Jesus, the Nazarene, though dead,
Has burst the bonds of death in twain,
He ever lives, he lives again.

Behold the place where he was lain,
Tell his disciples once again,
By quiet sea, in Galilee,
"I'll meet you there, my face you'll see."

WHAT THE WATCH SAID.

Into the city stern and cold,
Came frightened guards and feebly told,
How his disciples while they slept,
Stole the body from where it's kept.

The priest and elders then convene,
And counsel take for now 'tis seen,
This rumor o'er the city wide
Will spread, although they say he died.

And to the soldiers in a row,
They gave much money, bade them go,
Repeat their tale where'er there's need,
And they will satisfy their greed.

They took the money, did as taught,
Their paltry souls had now been bought.
Among the Jews this story goes,
Although denied by one who knows.

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ON THE ROAD TO EMMAUS.

Upon the road to village near,
Two walking comrades did appear,
And talked of sights and sounds they'd heard,
But understood them not a word.

Of what the Master said to them,
The Master born in Bethlehem,
And crucified on hillside near,
Placed in a tomb both dark and drear.

What things are these you're talking o'er
Things I have never heard before?
Can it be possible that you
Have never heard the words so true?

How Jesus Christ though slain and dead,
Came from the tomb as once he said
He would do, that men he might persuade,
To grasp the offer Mercy made.

They tell him things that have occurred,
Though hard to credit every word;
Of angel visitors who said,
He is alive, he is not dead.

He listens to their story wild,
Their fancies, foolish as a child,
Then said: "Oh foolish hearts and slow,
Not to believe what prophets show."

These things for Christ were sure to be,
That he might man from sin set free.
And showing from the records true,
The things which he would have to do.

They reached their home, the day is spent,
They ask him, though his plain intent
Seemed farther on the road to go,
And yet he would not answer no.

They gathered round their simple meal,
A strange spell over them they feel.
The Master prays and breaks the bread,
Their eyes they ope and he has fled.

With hearts aglow with passion's fire,
To Jerusalem they retire,
And found disciples all but one
And told the things that had been done.

While talking with him on the way,
Our eyes were holden so we may
Not discover the noble dead,
But knew him in the broken bread.

THE APPEARANCE TO THE DISCIPLES.

The day was done, the Sabbath through
Strange things had happened, and the few,
Disciples who with doubt and fear,
Were gathered in the city near.

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Were terrified beyond compare,
To see their Master standing there.
With doors secure because of fear,
They knew not how he did appear.

But to them said: "Peace be to you,
My work on earth is nearly through.
Doubt not my presence, see my hands,
And my feet where were tied the bands."

Handle and see that I am he,
Who gave his life on Calvary.
A spirit which of course you know,
Has neither flesh nor bones to show.

And while for joy they disbelieved,
This gracious message they'd received.
He asked if they had aught to eat,
In this their quiet, safe retreat.

They gave him fish, he ate it there,
That they could afterward declare,
That Jesus Christ the Lord of heaven,
From death's cold tomb, indeed is risen.

Unto them willed he peace sublime,
That they might go to every clime,
And bear the message full and free,
Salvation's price is paid for thee.

The Holy Spirit now receive,
Trust in the Lord, accept, believe.
When men repent forgive their sin,
That they may heaven enter in.

FINALE.

Deep falls the darkness o'er the land,
Joy fills the hearts of that small band,
The faithful few, with hearts aflame,
Will herald forth the Saviour's name.

No more for them shall doubts prevail,
For them the Christ can never fail.
Hope triumphs over doubts at last,
Earth's blackest night fore'er is past.

On eagle wings their faith ascends,
No doubt nor fear of ills portends.
Deep in their souls a calm serene,
Never again will doubt be seen.

LOVES' LABOR.

What are you working for I pray?
The gold that shines for one brief day,
That slowly comes and will not stay,
But passes like a dream away?

What are you working for please tell?
The praises that loud voices swell,
When skill and art profound and deep,
Awaken life that was asleep?

What are you working for I ask?
What the reward of your daily task,
When nightfall comes and darkness drear,
What gains when hopes give place to fear?

What are you working for, I plead?
Is it to satisfy the need,
Of bodies and souls in deep distress,
Out in the world with none to bless?

What are you working for? but stay,
I will not ask the question, nay,
When clothing and shelter and food,
Must be had by all however crude.

What are you working for? the thought
Of sacrifice to altar brought,
Nerves us to use our powers strong,
In fight of right against the wrong.

What are you working for? the love
Which dwells in those whom from above,
Heaven decrees shall be thy own,
Sweetest and best that thou hast known.

What are you working for? the strain
Is great, I would my toil refrain,
But life surges through my being,
Calls to work while time is fleeing.

What are you working for? the view,
That daily meets my eyes anew,
Impels me onward though I crave,
Rest for the weary body brave.

What are you working for? the sight
Of struggling souls lost in the night,
Of sin and sorrow, grief and woe,
Compel my onward steps to go.

What are you working for? the lure,
Of heavenly vision, where secure
From earthly toil, its chilling blast,
With loved and saved I'll rest at last.

HOW TO LIVE.

So live that when life's low descending sun,
Casts its lingering rays upon thy task,
It finds the work so timidly begun,
Grown to proportions great as one could ask.

So live that faith intense will grow apace,
And passing years will lead to vantage ground,
Where, on solid rock our weary feet, we place
And view with joy the outlook grand around.

So live that when the shadows longer grow,
Thy footsteps falter not, nor thy heart fear,
Though evening sunset makes the sky aglow,
With the impending silence that is near.

So live that when thy mortal eye grows dim,
And darkness creeps upon you unaware,,
With eye of faith you penetrate to Him,
In whose Light there is life and blessings rare.

So live that when the mortal breath is still,
And the dark tomb awaits thy careworn frame,
Thou shalt mount on wings of eagle till,
At God's right hand thy eternal guerdon claim.

THE DIVINE LIFE IN HUMANITY.

Into my life at the close of day,
Came a calm serene and sweet,
I had struggled along the weary way,
With tired and careworn feet.

My burden was heavy, my outlook dark,
I had struggled with might and main,
At the break of day as blithe as a lark,
I had gone with no fear of pain.

But the day grew hot, the way was long,
My burden was heavy as lead,
By the side of the road without a song,
I sat and wished I were dead.

As I sat and mused on the weary way,
There came to my soul a sweet strain,
From the far off land where the angels stay,
And my heart caught the glad refrain.

'Twas a vision of rapture, a glory divine,
That came to my soul that glad day.
My pain was forgotten, the victory mine,
And with joy I resumed the long way.

And through the long days with their toil and care,
I'll joyfully carry my load,
Though the way may be rough, still onward I'll fare,
To reach my eternal abode.

So I've opened my heart to the better thing,
To my Master I'll never say nay,
I'll take up my task, I'll joyfully sing,
As I travel the heavenly way.

THE CLOUDLESS DAY.

The cloudless day breaks on my sight,
I see once more the blessed Lord;
For since by faith I saw the light,
I'm resting in Thy precious Word.

The way before me now is bright,
Earth shadows vanish from the view,
A calm, celestial, brilliant light,
Enshrouds and fills me through and through.

When through this dark forbidding wild,
My footsteps took their lonely way,
I heard a Voice that said: "My child,
To love and home return to-day."

So from the wilds alluring me,
I sought a path that homeward led.
Again my blessed Lord I see,
Again my hungry soul is fed.

Bright on my way God's sunshine falls,
Smooth to my feet the path has grown,
Anxious to listen when He calls,
The sweetest life that I have known.

THE SPRING BIRD.

Come little bird and sing,
Sweet is the song you bring.
Who taught you where to go,
To escape the winter's snow?

Come little bird and see,
How we have longed for thee,
Winter is gone and now we run,
Out in the world to play for fun.

Come with a song little bird,
The sweetest that ever was heard.
Sing of the coming bud and flower,
Of the springing grass and the sunny hour.

Of the rippling brooklet by the way,
Where bright faced children linger to play.
Of the sky serene, of azure hue,
Sing little bird, a song anew.

SEEKING HIGHER LEVELS.

The soul content with what is base,
Will never strive for greater things.
The problems which we all must face,
To baser souls sdeep orrow brings.

To gain the place which faith has shown,
To be the destiny of man,
Requires toil, no weary moan
Escapes the lips of him who can.

Steep though the course and rough the way,
The faithful soul will struggle on.
What matters if kind friends delay,
To traverse all the way they've gone.

The heights before which doth allure,
Cannot be gained in one brief day;
But toil and pain we must endure,
If we would gain those heights to stay.

Behind us lie the lowlands drear,
Wrapped thick in clouds of mist and rain.
Where we have labored many a year,
Enduring anguish, toil and pain.

Defeat has come and hope has fled,
Despair with vice like grip assailed.
And throttled us, and left for dead,
And almost o'er our souls prevailed.

But deep imbedded in our hearts,
The seeds of hope have perished not.
Faith nerves us on, our fear departs,
Our past dead selves are now forgot.

Forgot! but, no! upon them build
A nobler structure, than before
Had seemed, in mind with fancy filled,
Possible to him who craved for more.

From battle fields strewn o'er with death,
Our souls may catch a vision great.
From trench where men with fleeting breath,
Secure themselves against sure fate.

We learn the lesson that we need,
If we ourselves would make secure,
From earthly woes and human greed,
And vicious lives with thoughts impure.

Around us build with pick and spade,
A bulwark strong that will resist,
The greatest onslaught ever made,
By foes whose fury will persist.

Then upward go beyond the reach,
Of foes from vales where death prevails.
This lesson to thy comrades teach,
On mountain peak, no foe assails.

Up to the heights where spirits dwell,
On eagle wings thy flight pursue.
Fear not the dark, though storm clouds swell,
Thy soul secure, thy strength renew.

Up and away from lower plain,
Where death's miasma sweeps o'er all.
Press toward the height, its summit gain,
And rest secure at evening call.

THE PRESENT LIFE.

In tiny cell screened from all harm,
Unmindful of the fierce alarm,
That sweeps o'er all both small and great,
A token of the world's sad fate;
A life begins which e'er its close,
May gain the heights which Fates impose,
And thus reveal what Man may be,
When bonds are burst and he is free.

Around the springing life are cast,
Forces supreme to hold it fast
Against those barriers of clay,
Life presses fierce to make its way,
To greater heights and larger space,
That perfect views it may embrace,
Of all things needful to insure,
A life for ages made secure.

Into the world the young life goes,
It smiles at friends and fights with foes.
At wisdom's fountain deep and pure,
Large drafts are taken to make sure,
That in life's struggles fierce and keen,
No show of fear will e'er be seen.
But onward still and up he fares,
Where larger life his love declares.

Manhoods estate at last he gains,
The great life forces he restrains,
That in their channels strong and deep,
Their onward course they e'er shall keep.
Great tasks demand great strength and skill,
Strong manhood answers with a will.
The seed on fertile soil is cast,
The harvest will appear at last.

Against the dull and leaden West,
Life's setting sun sinks to its rest.
Life's harvest now is gathered in,
Rich fruit of faith, and weeds of sin.
Across the battlements of light,
The weary soul would take its flight.
The scars of sin Christ doth efface,
Faith triumphs in the heavenly place.

Beyond the storms and stress of time,
In heavenly mansions, great, sublime,
The soul made free from earthly care,
Dwelling in mansions large and fair,
By Christ redeemed, with angel throng,
Voicing his praise in shout and song,
Through all eternity shall be,
Sustained by grace, made whole in Thee.

To live with God the perfect life,
Beyond earth's cares, and toils, and strife,
Is ample recompense for all,
That man has suffered since the fall.
So to the earthly sounds and sights,
In which the wayward soul delights,
I'll close my eyes and turn deaf ear,
When heavenly mansions are so near.

With God I'll live, a life complete,
Filled to the full, with love so sweet,
That passing ages make more real.,
The life of joy I always feel,
In presence of the King Supreme.
O, hope sublime, O, joyful gleam,
Of heavenly bliss, of rapture great,
To share God's life and rich estate.

THE CONQUEROR.

The Lord triumphant reigns,
He's broken death's dark door.
No more will christians fear death's pains,
It's rule of terror's o'er.
Triumphant o'er the earth,
He walks the King of Light;
He conquered death, life brings to birth,
And banished all the night.
He faced the foe, in tomb below,
The Lord, the Conqueror.

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Around the silent grave,
A glory bright is cast.
The Master great who came to save,
Declares that death is past.
Arouse ye men and see,
Life to the dead he brings,
Rejoice with me that man is free,
And of his new life sings.
All hail the Lord, who with his word,
Has conquered Death's domain.

THE CONQUEROR.

Life full and free is given,
To all who love His name.
Eternal life with saints in heaven,
To all He will proclaim.
Eternal life he gives,
Freely He offers all.
In worlds on high He always lives,
He saved men from the fall.
Rejoice O Earth, the Spirit Birth,
To mortal man is given.

WHAT SHALL WE EXPECT BEYOND THE GRAVE.

When age comes on and steps grow slow,
When pulse grows weak and death we know,
Is creeping on the feeble frame,
Shall we continue, just the same?

What is our hope when life force fails,
When heart beats slow, no more avails
To send the current swift and strong,
The weakened arteries along?

Can we beyond the sunset hills,
Where life is lost and terror fills,
The mind of those who near the brink,
And of death's waters now must drink.

Catch glimpses of the glorious light,
That fills the world so full and bright?
Will heavenly music rich and sweet,
Make life beyond the grave complete?

Shall friend clasp hand with friend above,
In that pure land of light and love?
Will sorrow yield to joy supreme,
Where heavenly glories flash and gleam?

Our answer comes from Voice Divine,
So closely do our lives entwine,
That where I am there you shall be,
Redeemed and saved, from sin set free.

In heavenly mansions large and fair,
Dwellings for thee I'll there prepare,
That where I am there you may be,
My glory and my power to see.

Beyond the crystal river's tide,
The tree of life on either side,
Brings forth rich fruit the saints to bless,
To heal lost nations in distress.

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The throne of God at last is seen,
No more shall curse the race demean.
Forever past the shades of night,
God reigns supreme and giveth light.
The saints redeemed by Grace Divine,
Dwell safely in that land of Thine;
Where sorrow, sin and death at last,
For souls made free, fore'er are past.

Break forth O ransomed Ones in song,
The angel host, a glorious throng,
Shout forth their welcome, full and free,
To all who conquer, Christ, in Thee.

SLEEP.

Fatigued by toil and pain and care,
As round me pressed the world so bare,
And struggle fierce, ambitions great,
Engrossed in mind, early and late.

I lay me down beneath a tree,
Whose grateful shade I chanced to see,
And soon forgot the struggling race,
As there I lay with upturned face.

In slumber deep I soon was lost,
As leaves by sighing winds were tossed.
Lost to the world in dreamland far,
I wandered forth with naught to mar.

Beyond the world of stress and strife,
I caught a glimpse of fairer life.
The spirit free from earthly care,
Delights in dreams as thin as air.


The fatal barriers of the day,
In dreamland vanish far away.
Unmeasured Time slips swiftly by,
There's no restraint in earth or sky.

And as I sleep there come to me,
No thoughts of wealth or poverty.
Or honors great by chance bestowed,
In palace grand or plain abode.

No fear of Justice fierce and stern,
Whose righteous ways we all must learn,
No competition fierce and keen,
In Sleep's domain is ever seen.

O Sleep! Thou Goddess of the night,
Thy visions great my soul delight,
All rank and power before thee fall,
Thou greatest leveler of all.

MOTHER.

When baby's face all wreathed in smiles,
Bewitching all, with love beguiles, 
Whose heart responds with love for love,
A semblance of the love above?
'Tis mother's who for you withstood,
The blighting dread of motherhood.

Whose hands support the tottering boy
When baby walks with keenest joy,
And brush the curls on weary head,
When youthful pleasures all have fled?
'Tis mother who for you delights
To face the terror that affrights.

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Who nightly by your couch hath stood,
And watched o'er you that every good,
Which might conduce to make life sweet,
Would come to you full and complete.
'Tis mother dear the angel kind,
Whose image in your sould you find.

Who mothers you through stress and storm,
When youth gives place to manly form,
And in your heart fierce battles rage,
As in life's toil you now engage.
'Tis mother with her kind control,
A fount of wisdom for the soul.

Who, when you've reached manhood's estate,
Still thinks of you and your sure fate,
As toil and strife you must endure,
A home for loved ones to secure.
'Tis mother, though the passing years,
Have robbed her strength, but calmed her fears.

Oh, Mother, Mother, kind and true,
Beyond the skies of azure hue,
When shadows of the night are cast,
Around our weary way at last,
May Mother's love, strong, sweet, and sure,
Our heavenly welcome make secure.

HONEY DEAR. *Dedicated to My Two-Year-Old.*

Now's the time to come away, Honey Dear,
For you've played the livelong day, Honey Dear.
And the night is coming on,
And the daylight's almost gone,
And I sigh for thee alone, Honey Dear.

Now 'tis time to go to sleep, Honey Dear.
Angels now their vigils keep, Honey Dear.
Close your eyes and shut them tight,
Angel guardians through the night,
Watch you till the morning light, Honey Dear.

What does baby think about, Honey Dear,
When the light of day is out, Honey Dear.
When the darkness doth appear,
And the spirits hover near,
You have nothing more to fear, Honey Dear.

Soon the night will pass away, Honey Dear,
Then again you'll want to play, Honey Dear.
So we'll put you into bed,
Rest your tired limbs and head,
Till the shades of night have fled, Honey Dear.

THE SONG OF THE LAC QUI PARLE.

On the banks of Lac qui Parle,
Seated on a rock of marl,
I listened to the melody,
Of the stream so fair to see.

Overhead the floating cloud,
And the wild goose screaming loud,
As it winged its Northward flight,
To its summer of delight.

And the bright ethereal blue,
Of the sky in springtime hue,
Seemed to woo and win us there,
From our winter of despair.

And the murmur of the stream,
Fitted well our spring time dream,
As we sat and listened there,
To the music in the air.

Flowing on its pebbly bed,
Soft and sweet the words it said.
And we sat entranced, amazed,
On its placid waters gazed.

And our soul was filled with peace,
And our joy did more increase,
Listening on our seat of marl
To the singing Lac qui Parle.

A PRAYER.

O God, the Father of us all,
Who answers, when Thy children call.
Come near and bless us here to-day,
Come, listen while we humbly pray.

Throughout the world Thy Spirit send,
That earth and Heaven their forces blend,
To rid mankind of sin's dark stain,
To win humanity again.

Bless us as thoughtfully we go,
To work for Thee in life below.
And when our journey here is done,
When life's hard race is fully run.

May we by grace stand forth alone,
Redeemed by blood which will atone.
With ransomed throng, with song and cheer,
To enter on the eternal year.

THE SPIRIT OF GOD.

O Spirit of God, be Thou my guide,
As I walk this world's dark way,
Lead Thou my straying footsteps home,
To the land of endless day.

O Spirit of God, speak to my soul
Some message of hope and love,
While I strive to reach the Christian's goal,
In the heavenly mansions above.

O Spirit of God, in life's struggles wild,
There is need for faith and prayer;
Bring to my soul a message mild,
Yielding peace beyond compare.

O Spirit of God, to that kingdom fair,
Where Christ and His loved abide,
Bring me through life's hard toil and care,
To a place with the glorified.

ETERNITY.

Eternity is a name which men have chosen,
To express a thought too great for mortal name.
Eternal life, the sum of all our knowing
Beyond the confines of this mortal frame.

Our mortal eyes look out across the sea,
Our vision fain would pierce the deepest sky.
Hope seeks on boundless wings among the free
A home, a habitation, where none e'er die.

When thoughts of death steal o'er the numbing soul,
And dark the world is growing to our eyes;
When life's race ending we approach the goal,
Our Unseen Mansion in the ethereal skies;

May we with faith supreme and hope undaunted,
Reach out to grasp the Eternal truth sublime;
To see, to know, to love our blessed Master,
In the fair land of that happier, heavenly clime.

Beyond the setting of life's golden sun,
When earthly tasks and toils are done,
Thy Holy Spirit will my comfort be,
In that fair land beyond the golden sea.

When sorrow, toil and trouble all shall cease,
When shadows of the eve of life close down,
Then may Thy Spirit bring the sweetest peace,
To all Thy loved ones, and a golden crown.

THE KINGSHIP OF CHRIST.

When Kingdoms great their forces hath spent,
When struggling nations with intent,
To crush their compeers in the fight,
That ends in desolation's Night;

Had fought and lost in life's fierce fray,
Had thrown their noble men away,
And settled down in deep despair,
Defeat and horror everywhere.

When worlds grown cold by chilling Time,
Abandoned by all life sublime,
Roll darkling through the void of Space,
In quest of an abiding place.

When Time grown old, and wan and thin,
Forsaken by his friends hath been;
No more shall count of Time be kept,
Since great Eternities have slept.

Upon the bosom of the past,
In terms of Time, but now at last,
Eternity comes to her own,
As such henceforward shall be known.

Then Christ Supreme, the King of Kings,
Sends forth ambassadors on wings,
Of angel legions, swift and keen,
To call wherever man is seen.

Through darkling worlds, to heaven high,
Their voices sound throughout the sky.
Calling to those for whom Christ died,
To live with him, now glorified.

And home to heaven come the throng,
Whom Christ hath saved, with shout and song,
Eternal praises joy sublime,
To him who conquered Death and Time.

Thy Kingdom Christ, we'll always see,
Supreme wherever Thou shalt be.
Before Thy throne all nations fall,
Christ rules supreme, the Lord of all.

JESUS ONLY JESUS.

Who trod the lonely shores of time,
With look majestic and sublime,
And brought to earth the heavenly clime;
'Twas Jesus.

Who sat beside the mournful sea,
The stormswept, turbid Galilee,
And planned to save both you and me;
'Twas Jesus.

Who looked across the city great,
And sorrowed for its awful fate,
And begged: "Repent e'er it be too late,"
'Twas Jesus.

Who prayed in agony and fear,
When death's dark terrors did appear,
And sleeping comrades did not hear;
'Twas Jesus.

Who, captured by the soldier band,
Did not resist with head or hand,
But stood the hero of the land;
'Twas Jesus.

Who stood before the haughty priest,
Forsaken by his friends, at least,
Until the storm of fury ceased;
'Twas Jesus.

Who hung upon the dreadful tree,
And paid the price, for you and me,
That from sin's chains we might be free;
'Twas Jesus.

Who, laid within the silent tomb,
Amid its awful shades and gloom,
Brought life immortal to full bloom;
'Twas Jesus.

Who walking in the garden near,
When weeping Mary did appear,
And banished all her doubts and fear;
'Twas Jesus.

Who, anxious that the world might know,
That streams of mercy still doth flow,
Sent his disciples, bade them go;
'Twas Jesus.

Who, by his Father's throne above,
Imploring, that Almighty Love,
Descend upon men as a dove;
'Twas Jesus.

Who comes when hearts are lone and sad,
And whispers words of rapture glad,
The sweetest that soul ever had;
'Tis Jesus.

Who comes in watches of the night,
And sheds on all a glory bright,
Beyond compare of earthly light;
'Tis Jesus.

Who brings to souls redeemed, set free,
The strains of heaven's melody,
And pleads with you and pleads with me;
'Tis Jesus.

Who calls for love's responsive strain,
Who gave his all, and lives again,
That we may join the glad refrain;
'Tis Jesus.

Oh, Stranger wandering sad and cold,
Far from the heavenly gates of gold,
Return and live within the fold;
With Jesus.

Return and live the life Divine,
Accept salvation, freely thine,
'Tis freely thine, 'Tis freely mine;
Through Jesus.

THE CALL OF THE AGES.

There's a theme that passeth knowledge,
Which alone the angels know,
There's a Name engraved in fire,
On the hearts of men below,
There's a Kingdom of the Lord,
That will last when earth is past,
There's a law all laws above,
That shall rule while ages last.

Chorus—

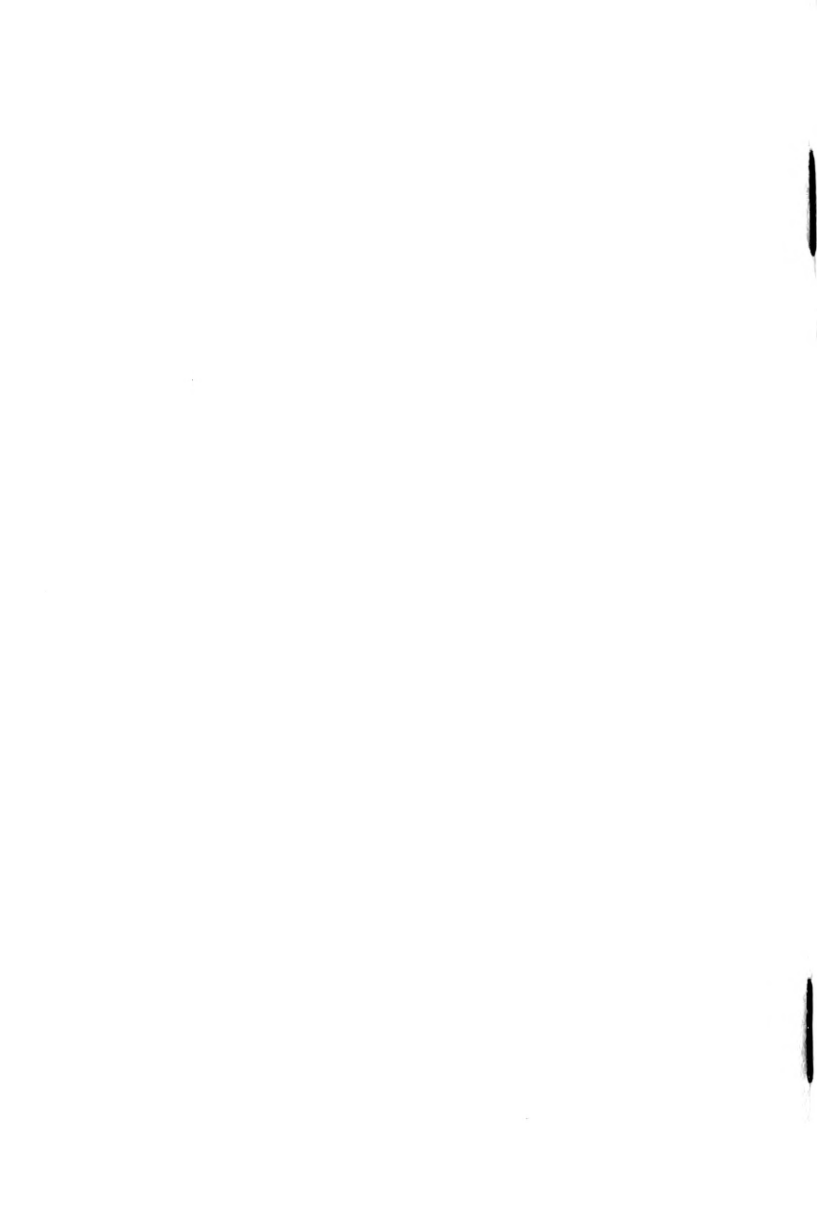
Oh! the wealth of land and city,
Shall we rob Him while we pray?
Distant lands and peoples pleading,
For the Gospel's help to-day.

Where the heralds of the Master,
Tread the deserts lone and drear,
There the flowers bright and vernal,
Bloom amid the wakening year.
There is balm for human woe,
There is dawn in darkest land,
All life's shadows turn and go,
When the gospel is at hand.

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There's a Pentecost awaiting,
When the Church shall span the world,
When the tithes are in the storehouse,
And Christ's banner is unfurled.
Shall we haste the coming day,
When the Nations shall be free,
Shall we give as we can give,
For the heathen o'er the sea.

Go, and bear the precious message,
Go, and tell of Jesus slain,
Go, and teach benighted nations,
Go, the Master bids again.
Go to Islands of the sea,
Go to Nations in distress,
Go where duty calls to thee,
Go where God alone can bless.



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